



# Telephone



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## Chapter 1 by PuppyLover

Happy days are here

## Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



The war is over. The president has shaken hands with about every diplomat known to me. Confetti has decorated the White House's floors for about a week now, and the janitors are in no hurry to change that fact.

But as the Vice President, I cannot help but fear. Perhaps we were too quick to celebrate. How to tell that to the once grieving American people, I am not too sure. What is the gentlest way to break the news to widows, mothers, guardians, that their loss was for nothing?

I step into the spaceship, allowing the crossbeams to carry me to the highest floor. As I ascend, the inhabitants nod in my general direction. Some bow. Some smile. One curses, but is quickly silenced by a gunshot.

I need to talk to him.

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